

# Youth

For all young people who find living the most interesting thing in life.



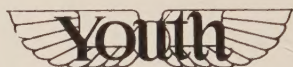
March  
1928

\$1 a year  
10 cents a copy

LIBRARY  
PACIFIC SCHOOL  
OF RELIGION

MILH





A magazine devoted to encouraging Youth to express itself.

ERNEST C. WILSON, *Editor*

*Youth* is published the first day of each month by the Unity School of Christianity, 917 Tracy, Kansas City, Mo. Subscription price, \$1.00 a year. Entered as second-class matter December 14, 1926, at the post office at Kansas City, Missouri, under the act of March 3, 1879. Accepted for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, act of October 3, 1917, authorized December 14, 1926.

Unity School publishes the following named periodicals, also: *Unity*, *Weekly Unity*, *Christian Business*, *Unity Daily Word*, and *Wee Wisdom*. \$1 a year each.

VOL. II

MARCH, 1928

No. 3

## CONTENTS

Cover, from a drawing by Catherine Miller

### Short Stories

The Last Lap .....	Donald Smalley	4
Gilda's Going .....	Lily Wandell	8
Beth, a Modern Girl (A Series) .....	Oreola Haskell	27

### Serial

Influence, Part I .....	Ruth H. Colby	15
-------------------------	---------------	----

### Other Features

Life Light .....	E. C. W.	7
Successful Failures .....		14
Some One Who Understands .....	Helen Carter	17
Have You Heard Them Sing? .....		18
Health Champions .....		19
The Man Who Broke the Ten Commandments (A Character Sketch) .....		22
Charm .....	L. D. Stearns	29

### Verses

Harvest .....	Aldis Dunbar	3
Ah Knows It .....	Peter A. Lea	26
Keeping up with God .....	Julianne S. Ott	28

### Departments

Something to Tie to .....	20
Something to Laugh at .....	21
Health and Prosperity Statements .....	30
Knee to Knee .....	31
Your Own Pages .....	33
Publishers' Announcement .....	35
The Prosperity Bank Plan .....	36



PARAMOUNT PHOTO

## HARVEST

*By Aldis Dunbar*

YOU who'd have a light heart all the busy day,  
Watch and ward your gleanings as you work or play.

If you reach a sunbeam, if you hear a song,  
They are yours to gather; take their joy along.

But if in the shadows grudge or hate you see,  
Though they mask and lure you, leave them! Let them  
be!

Nowhere is a burden heavier than they.

Keep your strength for loving: smile—and turn away.



*There is success  
in doing one's best*

# The Last Lap

*By Donald Smalley*

LARRY THOMAS and Jud Smith leaned forward attentively while the sharp faced little man across the desk gave his decision.

"I have called you," he said, "because the position now lies between you two men. We have gone over the lists of applications carefully. Of course you know that this is the opportunity of a lifetime for one of you to gain a foothold in his profession."

Of course they knew that. Students at Horton Engineering College learned about the yearly offer of Royer and Thompson's before they entered the school. One man was to have that position; strange that the lists should have narrowed to these two, who were as different as any two students in the school!

"We are very careful in our selections," the official continued, "and we shall require another week in which to make our final decision."

"But just what will this decision be made upon?" Larry inquired. The official smiled.

"Haven't you read your catalog?" he asked. "It will be based upon your worth as a man and as an engineer. Your scholastic records are about equally good. I don't mind telling you that your athletic work will count considerably. You both run the mile, don't you?"

They nodded.

"I'm not giving my decision until after your next meet, with Kingsley." He rose, picked up his brief case, and opened the door. "I'll meet you in the locker room after the meet," he said, and left them.

"So it comes down to track, does it, Smith?" Larry said banteringly. "Going to beat me this time?"

"I'm going to try mighty hard," Jud replied, and set his jaw. He was not hypocrite enough to smile.

A group of Larry's fraternity brothers were on the steps outside the building.

"Did you get it?" they asked eagerly.

"Not yet," Larry replied, "but it's as good as mine. It's come down to track, and Smith here hasn't a chance."

JUD'S face flushed. True, Larry had always beaten him; but he had no right

to rub it in. Jud was in a deep study as he climbed a flight of creaky stairs and entered his dingy room.

"Well," his roommate called out, "did you get it?"

"No," Jud replied, dropping his long, lean frame into a chair, "they're still holding fire; they've got it down to track now. Bates, I've got to win this next race."

"Have to go awfully fast," Bates replied noncommittally. "Larry's a wonderful runner—and he'll run his hardest this race."

"I've just got to win," Jud repeated. "I've got to win for Mother and for myself. Bates, you know how I've worked for that Royer and Thompson position—how I've had it as a goal ever since I entered the school. That position may mean everything in my career. I haven't money or influence, as Larry has, and a small job as draftsman is about all I could expect if I failed to get this job. Mother needs my help. Bates, I've got to win that race!" In agitation Jud ran his big rough hands through his shock of sandy hair.

Larry's hands were smooth and nicely manicured. Larry's body was beautifully shaped and supple, in strange contrast with the lean and angular Jud, whose awkward build was one of Larry's chief points of attack in "kidding" him. Larry really did not mean anything by it—it was just one of his ways of having a little fun. Why should he worry as to how Jud felt about it? That did not hurt him.

Larry had one of those peculiarly selfish natures that are concerned only with their own enjoyment. No one had ever expected him to sacrifice anything. From his childhood up he had been petted and pampered. He had never had to work for anything—even schoolwork seemed play for him. At that moment he was before the looking glass, carefully adjusting a bright new tie.

"Cigarette?" his roommate asked, holding out a pack.

"No," Larry replied. "I'm off of 'em. I'm going to run a race that'll knock this school cold."





*Close at his heels came Jud, running with his awkward, dogged stride.*

The news soon spread through the school that Royer and Thompson would award their position this year according to the result of the race. Of course the student body was betting on Larry. Hadn't he beaten Jud Smith in every race they had ever run? The coming contest heightened the popular worship of Larry. He accepted it, like everything else, as his due. It was especially gratifying to him to hear the murmurs of admiration directed at him when he left a dance as the clock struck ten. He did it in the most dramatic way possible, replying, in a loud voice, to a friend who remonstrated with him:

"Got to win the race Saturday, old fellow—must give up a lot until that's over." It gave him a delicious sense of self-sacrifice.

As a matter of fact, Larry had never really sacrificed anything in his life. From his childhood up, he had been given everything he desired. Good-looking, wealthy, with an excellent physique and a brilliant mind, he had

drifted through his school life in search of new thrills and new pleasures. It would have seemed impossible to him really to train for track. He ran because he liked to and because of the popularity it gave him; and he was seldom pushed by any of his competitors.

To Jud, on the other hand, nothing had ever been given. Awkward, poor, with a clumsy frame and a plodding mind, he had plugged his way through the college without recognition. It was not that people disliked him—they simply did not know he existed. Every one had been greatly surprised to learn that his scholastic record was nearly as good as Larry's. They had thought that no one could compete with that genius; but Jud, with his dogged perseverance, had somehow kept in the running for the Royer and Thompson position.

He sat in his dingy little room the night before the meet, musing to himself.

"Got to win," he muttered to himself.



"Got to win for her." He held a picture of his mother in his hand. Her face was stern and lined with care. She had had a hard battle, earning a living for Jud and herself. It was with almost superhuman effort that they had scraped together enough for Jud's tuition that first year at Horton. Perhaps Jud would have been less serious and more brilliant under different conditions. He had little in common with the rest of the student body. Many of them wondered why he had ever come out for track. He loved running because it provided a battle with himself. His life had been such that he had a fierce love of fighting that last lap, when his lungs were burning and his legs were heavy as lead. It seemed natural to him to give that last painful bit of strength. Jud did not have time to train as the other runners did. The coach allowed him to take his daily workout by running the two miles to the dairy farm where he worked each morning. His mother had been very proud of those third place medals he had sent her. They had talked about his chances of winning his sweater this last year. "Got to win," he muttered. "Got to win for her."

THE SCHOOL turned out in full force for the meet with Kingsley. Not only was this to be the annual meet with their ancient rival, but two competitors for a position were to battle an affair out within their own team. Three ringing cheers were given for Larry as the school hero sauntered on to the field. Jud came out with his face drawn and pale. He had spent a restless night, worrying about the race. Up in the stands the little man from Royer and Thompson's watched his men, a queer, unfathomable smile upon his sharp face.

The meet began and the crowd forgot the rivalry of the two boys in the thrill of the other events. Horton soon showed herself superior, amassing a comfortable lead. The interest swayed to Larry's race, as it neared.

"He's going to break the school record," it was whispered about the stands. "He wants to beat the other fellow so far that there won't be any doubt about the position."

"All out for the mile!" the announcer shouted. Another hearty cheer went up for Larry. He grinned up at the stands as he removed his sweat clothes and pranced out on to the track. The cheer leader was fair enough to try a cheer for Jud, but it died out miserably. Jud did not notice. He was thinking of the race and of all that was wrapped up in it.

Larry had drawn the pole position. He grinned at Jud.

"How's our hero today?" he bantered. "Going to show us how to run?"

They were off. Larry had taken the lead, with Jud dogging his heels. The track was in wonderful condition. Their spikes bit into it with a zest. A feeling of confidence came over Jud such as he had never felt before. The crunch of his spikes in the cinders seemed to say, "Got to win—got to win!"

They came around to the stands again, the first lap over. The crowd was on its feet yelling madly for Larry. He was running in beautiful form, his arms and legs moving with the rhythm of clock work. He was barely breathing hard. Close at his heels came Jud, running with his awkward, dogged stride. The man from Royer and Thompson's was muttering softly under his breath.

The second lap passed easily, with the runners scarcely changing their positions; and then the third lap came. Jud's lungs began to burn. Another man was pushing him, and Larry's heels were ten yards ahead; but it seemed that he could go no faster. His legs were heavy as lead, now. He had never kept this pace before. They came around to the stands. The crowd went wild. A thousand shouts of encouragement went up for Larry. He was running a magnificent race. Far up in the bleachers a little man with a sharp face was muttering softly. The gun for the final lap sounded. Instantly Larry increased his speed. Jud could just see Larry's white figure, ten yards ahead, through a veil of pounding, surging red which was closing about his eyes. A few laughed hysterically at his awkward stride—he was running almost on his heels now.

Now the distance between the two began to increase. Larry was "putting out." Jud had nothing to give. He pounded on, vainly trying to make his numb legs move faster; an expression of intense agony was on his face. They were just a hundred yards from the finish, now. The crowd had gone mad. Larry was finishing beautifully, a good twenty yards ahead, and another man had passed Jud—two men. Jud heard the cheer as Larry breasted the tape. He could not see him now, but something told him to run—run.

He crossed the line in terrible agony, bumping into some one who had rushed out to congratulate the winner. He stumbled off the track to the grass along its side. Somehow it did not seem possible that Larry could have won. It seemed a dream, and that he would



wake up soon with the race yet to be run. It could not be that the goal of all that four years' plodding could be lost like this! And his mother: How could he tell her?

SOME one helped him to the locker room.

The trainer soon began to work on him. "Great race," he said, as he worked on the tortured muscles. "You'd have come in second if you hadn't put out so much on that third lap. You shouldn't have tried to keep up with Larry—he's just too good. He broke the school record this afternoon."

Larry came up with a satisfied grin on his face.

"So you were going to run right away from me, were you, Smith? Well, better luck next time, since there won't be any next

time. I'll drop you a card once in a while from Royer and Thompson's."

"I beg your pardon."

The little man from Royer and Thompson's was speaking. "Smith," he said, "when the trainer gets through with you, come over to this table and we'll sign you up."

"But—but didn't I win?" Larry demanded in a bewildered tone.

"Oh, yes, you won the race all right; won it easily. Too easily. You finished fresh. It was no test of your endurance or your nerve." He turned to Jud. "Smith," he said, "you're the type of man my company is looking for. That race you ran this afternoon was one of the finest exhibitions of sheer grit that I have ever seen. You've got it in you, my boy."

## LIFE LIGHT

FEW troubles can withstand laughter.

Humor is the great corrective in life. When man inclines toward dangerous extremes, a sense of humor steps in to save him. Anything, however seriously done, becomes ridiculous when it is overdone, and thus starts a reaction.

See the ridiculous side of the mountainous difficulty that confronts you, and you will make of it a mole hill.

A certain make of automobile was raised to popularity partly upon its reputation as the object of countless jokes. At first this seemed to be good advertising. Many persons have suspected that most of the quips originated in an advertising office. If so the creators must be disappointed in their brain child, for people, at first attracted by the gibes, have become shy of owning a car which has been so greatly ridiculed. Other factors have combined with this one to work against its popularity. Sales have dropped off and the manufacturer has been forced to offer a new car.

Ridicule is a powerful weapon, which often is abused, but which is employed legitimately against the host of petty ills that thrive all too well when treated seriously.—E. C. W.



*"Give, and it shall  
be given unto you."*

# Gilda's Going

*By Lily Wandell*

GILDA stepped out of her cage and walked between the rows of oak rockers to the shop door. Through the cloudy panel of glass she saw the people hurrying homeward, with their coat collars turned up, wearing galoshes, and some carrying umbrellas, for it was drizzling. She looked at them with brooding gray eyes, wondering if they too lacked courage; whether the failures, those in shabby thin coats, had been too timid to realize their desires; whether the others, after a struggle, had pushed aside every hindrance, broken the shackles of duty, and marched on to success.

"Now—this very evening I will tell him!" she thought. Her lips moved tremulously but she said nothing aloud. She pictured herself marching defiantly to the end of the store, where under a dreary little light Mr. Simcox's rusty pen broke the stillness of the long room that was cluttered with furniture. A little color ran into her cheeks as she saw herself standing before him saying: "I am leaving. Yes, tonight. I've been a fool to stay here five years. I was not made to sell furniture and to keep books in your dingy shop. I have a different career in view. I take after my father, who was an illustrator. Working here is hateful to me, because at heart I am an artist. I hate every one of your ugly oak rockers and wretched tables! I have worked here only out of necessity, out of duty, but now I'm through. Free! You never raised my salary, you always had an excuse when I asked for an increase. Now, I'm going. I'm free." She could see his thin smile, half of surprise, half of annoyance; she could see him counting out the money he owed her, going over it three or four times so that he would not give her a penny too much!

She pressed the palms of her slim hands together in an agony of indecision. "Surely spring is the time to do things!" But out-

side there was not a sign of spring. Puddles of water, crusts of gray-looking ice, patches of dirty snow, and a dreary twilight sky were all that she saw. "Others have done it, why not I?" she asked herself. "Others have

come home and said: 'I quit today; I should have done it long ago! Now I'm going to do what I've dreamed about!' I wouldn't be the first. I'll tell him now!"

As she turned, somebody opened the door from the outside, almost pushing her over. A customer this late, at closing time?

"I beg your pardon!" It was only Mrs. Simcox.

Gilda smiled faintly and walked back to her cage.

There was something about Mrs. Simcox that always disturbed her. Perhaps it was that odd, rather hungry look in her large blue eyes. Gilda often thought, "Perhaps people get that look if they are in daily contact with Mr. Simcox long enough!" She did not like Mrs. Simcox for the simple reason that she was Mrs. Simcox, but she made a point of not knowing her very well because she was afraid she might feel sorry for her. "That," Gilda would argue to herself, "is ridiculous because she seems really fond of him."

The scratch of the rusty pen stopped as Mr. Simcox raised his long, thin chin. From her cage Gilda could see Mrs. Simcox bend solicitously over him. Gilda thought, "I'll tell him now that I'm going—going away from all these monstrosities, going away to beauty, to color, to happiness! Others have done it, why not I?" There were the few hundred dollars in the bank and she could find some kind of work, beautiful, congenial work. Her ideas about obtaining work were rather vague. Something with color, perhaps. Surely in the city she could find some



*Gilda hurried along.*



kind of art work while she studied. Any-way, she was going.

Mrs. Simcox interrupted her dreams with a soft, "Will you lock up, Miss Frazer, please?" Then in a lower tone of voice, "My husband hasn't been so well, I want to take him home at once."

Gilda colored a little. "I want to speak to him," she began, coloring more.

Mrs. Simcox made a pleading little gesture with her hand. "Tomorrow, please!"

Gilda watched them depart, with a suppressed feeling of indignation. Why must Mr. Simcox feel ill the very night she was determined to leave? Well, then, tomorrow. What mattered one day after five years of waiting?

"I'm going, just the same," she told herself as she extinguished all the lights except one. "No matter what Grandmother says, I'm going. Leona went. She had her chance and she flung it away. They'll have to manage somehow without my wages. Leona graduates in June; she can find work until school starts. She'll be earning more money teaching than I ever brought in. It'll be her turn to be the breadwinner. It's no more than fair; she's had four years of wonderful times. She had her choice and she took college. Now, it's my turn. I'm going to have my choice." Something within her added, "on three hundred dollars"; and the thought fairly took her breath away as she hurried down the street.

The home-going crowd had thinned down to the last stragglers. Gilda was always one of these because Mr. Simcox kept the store open as long as possible. Now Gilda hurried along, leaving the main thoroughfare, crossing muddy, ice-trimmed streets, rushing around corners until after a wet, breathless fifteen minutes she stood before the door of a little, weather-beaten house.

"That you, Gilda?" came a low-pitched, cheery voice from the living room as the front door opened and closed.

"Yes, at last," in a weary, glad-to-get-home voice.

"Put your galoshes in the hall closet on a newspaper; they must be wet and dirty."

"They are," answered Gilda with a little laugh as she stooped to unbuckle them. She kicked one off and stopped, looking into the living room with eyes half yearning, half bitter. Her grandmother, a woman who looked remarkably young for her sixty-odd years, was seated in a low rocker, busily sewing under the glow of the lamp. Gilda looked not at her grandmother's still hand-

some face but at the pile of green silk in the apron-clad lap. It must be a new dress for Leona; she, Gilda, could not use bright, delicate things in Simcox's store. She did not envy Leona for getting a new dress, but she did begrudge her the color—a fresh green, like young leaves after a rain.

"I'm going," she comforted herself, "to just such colors. I'll wear a smock like that and I'll have curtains the same shade. I'll stand before my easel or my drawing table——" It was all so vague, just beautiful with lovely colors and fabrics, beautiful lines, harmonious surroundings, pictures, a dream that must come true because she was starving for it. Something within her always added in a frightening manner, like a question, "On three hundred dollars?"

Grandmother called out, "There's a letter here for you from Leona. I'm anxious to hear what she says about her spring vacation."

Gilda answered with an effort: "Yes, just a minute. Has Dick been down to fix the furnace? I'll be back in a minute." She put the galoshes on a newspaper in the closet and then ran down to the cellar, thinking, "Dick takes after Leona, always getting out of unpleasant jobs." That brought thoughts of Leona, made more irritating by the mere fact that she, Gilda, was shoveling coal on the fire. Laughing-eyed Leona simply drew all the pleasant things of life to her; for her, Grandmother sacrificed joyously, even educating her out of Grandfather's insurance money!

Gilda came up from the cellar, breathing hard. She sat down in a chair opposite the green silk dress and closed her eyes.

"Gilda, who do you think was here this afternoon?" and Grandmother's mellow voice answered her own question: "Kate." Kate was Grandmother's youngest sister, whose prosperity had somehow formed a wedge between herself and her relatives.

"Aunt Kate?" Gilda opened her eyes. "What on earth did she want?"

"Sympathy," answered Mrs. Frazer with a wise little smile, "though she did not ask for it. You know, Gilda, I'm sorry for Kate; her life's empty: nothing to live for, to work for, to worry about. She envies me; I could feel it. I've had you three children to bring up, just like living my young married years all over, like a second life. It's kept me young and vigorous. Richard always said when he was a boy, 'Mom, I'll make a fortune for you some day, just you wait.' And maybe if he'd lived he would have done it, but he left me something better—you



three: Leona, my brilliant child, and you, my helper and comfort, and Dick to keep things from running too smoothly so I'd not get too contented." She laughed a little. "Poor Kate."

"But four years ago," began Gilda indignantly, "she could have offered to put Leona through college. She's never done a thing except give little presents. She's let you sell one bond after another——"

"That's just it, though she did not say so. She spoke of Richard and his art and wondered if any of you inherited his talent. I showed her some of your sketches."

Gilda colored. A queer little feeling of excitement ran through her which she tried to stifle with: "Don't be foolish; it was a mood. She'll not come near us for months."

"She's coming again tomorrow afternoon and I'll ask her to stay for supper; then you can show her your water colors. Now open Leona's letter and let's hear what she has to say."

Obediently Gilda lifted the letter from the table, but inside of her, something was shouting above a wild tumult of feelings, "I'm going! I'm going!" One part of the wild tumult was a newly awakened interest in Aunt Kate. The interest developed rapidly, as she slit Leona's envelope, into a warm affection. That was what Aunt Kate needed, an interest in life, somebody to live for, somebody to mother. She saw Aunt Kate blossoming into the most congenial of companions under the warmth of her (Gilda's) love and youth. She saw herself with Aunt Kate in the city, in the loveliest room with soft, tinted draperies, old, period furniture—Gilda's own selection—a vase of sapphire blue——

"Are you going to read that letter?" A mellow voice turned crisp brought Gilda back with a start.

She flushed and told herself that she was silly, but she could not help noticing that the little living room with its old walnut furniture and faded rug was in a rosy glow.

Gilda's eyes scanned the first few lines of Leona's letter. "Why, she's coming home tomorrow night! Something's gone wrong with the college heating plant and they are taking their spring vacation earlier."

Mrs. Frazer raised a beaming face from the green silk dress. "Isn't that wonderful? Nice things always happen to us. Now I'm glad I've worked so hard all day on this dress. I'll finish it tonight after supper, and tomorrow morning I'll bake a coconut cake and clean her room. Go on, read on."

Gilda read: "'I am aching for a nice, long talk with you, Gilda; in fact, I need it. I feel all topsy-turvy, as if I were two persons fighting each other. I don't know what's the matter, and I do, too. I feel so guilty sometimes and yet so happy! I've neglected my studies. Oh, I'll graduate all right, but I could have done better. I'll confess, Gilda, I've been sketching, drawing, even painting in water colors when I should have been reading Homer! It has cropped out—Dad's old love. I felt it coming a year ago. I tried awfully hard, but it would not stay in the background. It just crowded Homer right off the table here.'" Grandmother chuckled, but Gilda read on in an expressionless voice. "'You were right four years ago when you were so disgusted with me for choosing college. I presume I made a mistake, but don't worry. I'll graduate and teach next fall; only I'm living for the summer—the long days of sketching and painting! Yours till Wednesday night, Leona.'" Gilda folded the letter and placed it on the table.

Grandmother folded the green silk dress carefully, thoughtfully. "I can't send her to art school, I haven't the money," she said bluntly. "She had her choice and she chose college; so now she'll have to teach school, though I suppose it will be unpleasant for her."

Gilda looked up with frightened gray eyes. Unpleasant! And Leona attracted pleasant things to her like a magnet. She could not imagine her sister doing something decidedly unpleasant.

Mrs. Frazer rose. "Come, Gilda, we'll have supper; no use waiting any longer for Dick. The meeting of the baseball players has either ended in argument or he's gone off with one of the boys for supper. Come!"

But Gilda stared at the old walnut furniture and the faded rug grown bleak and ugly.

After supper, up in her room she selected the best of her water color paintings and placed them in a neat little pile on the table. She feasted her eyes on the soft, beautiful colors and smiled faintly with a stabbing little doubt in her heart. "I'm going! Nothing shall stop me!" The first thing tomorrow morning she would tell Mr. Simcox. She pictured Leona coming in and hearing the news: "Gilda's left Simcox; she's determined to study art. She's going to the city!" She saw herself telling Aunt Kate of all her hopes and ambitions, of the weary years on the road of duty, hungry for beauty, for color. She could see Aunt Kate's hard eyes grow



soft and misty, full of promise and desire to help.

Gilda was up the next morning early, sobered by the chill reality of a gray dawn. The rush of affection she had felt the night before for Aunt Kate disgusted her; the vision of Leona teaching school was shadowy, unreal; one thing stood out positively, clearly; that was her own desire of many years.

"I'm going!" she chanted as she hurried along the streets. "Nothing shall stop me." She pictured herself telling Mr. Simcox the moment she entered the store. Not even the presence of Mrs. Simcox should stop her. But old Joe did stop her. Joe hauled the despised oak rockers to their respective destinations, and he was now sweeping the pavement in a leisurely manner.

"Mis' Simcox telephoned the boss ain't well and you was to look after things, Miss Frazer."

Gilda felt thwarted. Mr. Simcox had gotten the better of her, or was it Mrs. Simcox? Well, she was going anyway. If he did not come in by noon she would write him a note, she must face Leona with, "I've left Simcox."

By noon, Gilda softened a little. If Simcox were really unwell her going might upset him. Why not precede the note with some flowers? So on her way home to lunch, she stopped at a florist's and ordered red roses sent at once. She imagined Mrs. Simcox burying her nose in the cool, sweet petals.

Late in the afternoon Gilda finished her note to her employer. She was about to ask old Joe to take it to the house, when the telephone rang. "Dear Miss Frazer, the roses are beautiful," came a soft voice. "Eben is so pleased, so very much pleased." Gilda felt that it was Mrs. Simcox who was pleased. "They are the only flowers that he has received," the voice confided. "He's worrying about getting back to the store, but I keep telling him that you are there, that everything is all right. He has faith in you."

And again Gilda felt that it was Mrs. Simcox who had the faith in her. "Everything is all right, isn't it?"

"Yes, of course, don't worry; you can depend upon me," and then she wished that she had not said that. She could not send in her resignation after that. Not today, anyway; it would have to wait until Mr. Simcox returned to the store. Slowly she tore up the letter. "It doesn't matter," she told herself. "I'm going. What's a day or two?"

The little weather-beaten house had a festive air when Gilda returned that evening. Lights were burning, upstairs and down, and when she opened the door there was a delicious smell of cooking. She hastily took off her things to the accompaniment of voices from the living room—a familiar, mellow voice and a new one, thin and hard.

"Oh, Aunt Kate!" She came into the living room, conscious of a feeling of disappointment. Had she forgotten Aunt Kate or had that lady grown more thin and sallow? Aunt Kate raised her eyes; they were hard and dull, but Gilda fancied she saw a suspicion of interest light them.

"She reminds me of Richard," said the aunt, taking Gilda's hand.

"And your grandmother tells me you've inherited his talent. He was devoted to his work; he loved colors. He used to tell me that colors are like tones of music: they make harmony or discord."

Gilda took a step nearer, a little breathless. "It's true, I've felt the same thing. I'd rather live in a drab, faded room than in one where colors clashed."

Aunt Kate smiled, nodding toward Gilda's grandmother. "Richard all over. I was very fond of your father, Gilda. In fact, it was my intention to make an artist out of one of his children. I had set my heart on Dick but it seems Dick did not inherit his father's talent. Your grandmother showed me some sketches you made. They are good, but I fail to see the genius of your father in them."



*"I'm going," interrupted Gilda softly with starry eyes.*



Gilda's breath came faster; her cheeks were hot. "I know, it's color I love. If I may show you my water colors—" She stopped, half ashamed of her forwardness, but Grandmother nodded encouragingly and the faint light of interest in the hard, dull eyes before her deepened. Gilda felt the thrill of standing before the door of opportunity. It was hers to open, now! She would tell them of her years of desire, of her hopes, of her ambitions, and of her determination. She would open the secret places of her heart, she would see those faded, cold eyes grow bright and tender! She pressed the palms of her hands close together and looked at her great-aunt with starry eyes.

"Aunt Kate, I want you to know—" A tremendous thump on the front porch. Mrs. Frazer half rose from her chair. There were three excited dabs at the front bell, and the door flew open.

All Gilda saw was a flash of brown and rose, then she felt a cold, fresh cheek pressed against her hot face, drew in a delicious breath of violets, and knew Leona had come home. Leona released her and flew on to their grandmother.

Very much like her sister was Leona, though not quite so tall or so slender. She was laughing excitedly now, as she turned to Aunt Kate. Gilda, watching, gasped a little as she saw her sister fling her arms about that lady's neck and kiss her sallow cheek.

"You don't mind, do you?" asked Leona in her sweet voice. Gilda, still watching, saw the hard, dull eyes glisten and grow tender just as she, a few moments ago, had imagined they would.

Leona shook off her coat and tossed her hat across the room, revealing a crop of short hair, light brown like Gilda's, except that Leona's seemed to shimmer with hidden gold.

"Oh, Grandmum, it's good to be home!" Leona gave her grandmother a little hug. "I can smell the dinner! Where's Dick? Late as usual?" She laughed happily and snuggled against her grandmother.

Gilda noticed that Aunt Kate's eyes never left the girl. Now she spoke and Gilda thought the hard, thin voice seemed softer.

"So you are the prospective little school-ma'am who disappointed me four years ago

by choosing college and laughing at art!"

Leona flew over to her and took her hand. "Don't say that, Aunt Kate," she begged earnestly, so low that Gilda watching could scarcely hear. "Don't, please! We all make mistakes! I was too young, perhaps, or too silly—" Gilda saw Aunt Kate put her thin arm around the girl's shoulders.

"It isn't your fault, Leona, if you haven't any talent—"

Leona disengaged herself abruptly. "How do you know?" she asked pertly. "What do you or any of you know about me?" There were tears in her eyes, but she dashed them away and smiled. "Wait, I'll show you. May I, Grandmum, before dinner? It won't take a minute!" She rushed out to the porch and dragged in two suitcases.

"Gilda, get your sketches and water colors!" Mrs. Frazer's voice was almost sharp. Anxious, but not eager, Gilda obeyed.

She came downstairs again and stopped for a second in the hall. There was silence in the living room. A little group

was gathered around the lamp, intent upon Leona's sketches. If there had been only a few little gasps of praise, if somebody had cried, "How sweet!" But there was only a stillness that sent a bleak chill to Gilda's heart. She went in and looked over Leona's shoulder.

There was no need of Aunt Kate's saying in a grave voice, "This child has inherited her father's genius," for Gilda had recognized it in the first clever drawing.

They were very gay, making the last preparations for dinner. Dick came in and was told the great news. "Aunt Kate's going to take Leona to the city in the fall to art school!" and Dick said, "Willikins! I thought Gilda was the artist in the family!" and seemed to think it was a joke.

They bustled back and forth from the kitchen to the dining room, through the pantry where Gilda mixed a salad; and the pantry became a little place for confidences. First, Grandmother must stop and kiss Gilda's neck and whisper, "My little comfort! what would I do without you and that regular pay check?" And then Dick must give his sister and affectionate push, saying, "Willikins! I'm glad you're not going away!" And then



*She saw Dick with the morning paper and the milk bottle.*



Leona with anxious eyes must press her cheek against Gilda's. "It's all right, honey?" Gilda stopped then and turned to put her arms around Leona. "You're going to be all that Father would have been if he had lived—famous!" in a choked voice. Leona clung to her. "I'll work so hard—I'll make you proud of me!"

Gilda rose very early the next morning. She wanted to be gone by the time Leona got up. She was very sure that every one was asleep as she crept softly downstairs, until she looked out the front door. There she saw Dick with the morning paper and the milk bottle. There was something strange in his manner as he looked at her.

"Gilda," he whispered in an awed voice, "Old Joe just passed by. He said Mr. Simcox died last night."

That day, Gilda carried all her artist's material up to the attic and deliberately put it under the eaves in a corner where the roof leaked a little on stormy days. Then for the succeeding five days she studiously avoided the pantry. On the sixth day there came a message summoning her to Mrs. Simcox.

Gilda put on her things and walked up the hill to the Simcox house. She walked slowly, for the air was mild with the promise of little green buds and robins. The sunshine seemed to be everywhere and had melted most of the black crust of ice on the street. It was one of those shadowless days with a high spotless sky, a day from which it seemed every one must gather courage and hope; but Gilda, walking up the hill, drearily pictured herself before Mrs. Simcox, saying: "Yes, I'll stay. I've heard you're going to keep the store."

Mrs. Simcox, with eager blue eyes, greeted her warmly.

"I knew you'd come right away. I don't know how it has happened, but I've always counted on you and have had such faith in you!"

Gilda thought, "Yes, it's crushing," but she said nothing, giving Mrs. Simcox a thin little smile.

"I want to ask you something," Mrs. Simcox continued quickly. "You know I'm going to keep the store and I'm counting on your staying. Will you? or have you other plans?"

Gilda shook her head. "No, I haven't any plans; I'll stay." And with resignation

she thought of the long rows of oak rockers.

"Good!" exclaimed Mrs. Simcox in happy relief. "I was sure you would. I'm glad you haven't any plans yet, because I have so many. You see, I want to have the kind of store I've dreamed about. I want you to come with me to the city next week and begin taking a course in interior decorating. When that's over, you and I will go on a month's orgy of buying beautiful things: soft, rich-toned draperies, dull mahogany, reproductions of fine old furniture, gorgeous-hued vases, every lovely thing we please! Then in the fall we'll open our shop. I said 'our,' because I want you as my partner, with an interest in the business." She paused, waiting for Gilda to say something.

The girl stared at her as if she only half understood, or, perhaps, was afraid to understand.

Mrs. Simcox took her hand and patted it shyly. "I don't know whether you can understand this longing of mine for beautiful things—sometimes I fancied you did, in the store. I liked to believe you hated those hideous rockers as much as I did. I want to tell you something confidentially, something I'm almost ashamed to disclose." Mrs. Simcox laughed, embarrassed.

"When I was young like you, I believed I possessed a great talent. I went to art school and—I failed. I can't tell you of those years; it's too painful. I didn't have a great talent, I just had enough to make me miserable."

Gilda nodded with sudden warm sympathy.

"Then when I married Eben I took new hope. I wanted to use my little talent in his store: but Eben, like his father before him, liked oak rockers." She sighed faintly.

"I don't know whether or not you are old enough to realize what it means to give up a great desire, literally to tear it out of your heart by the roots."

"I do," Gilda assured her with real understanding.

"I fancied you would, somehow," Mrs. Simcox said gently. Then, with sudden briskness, "We'll have to have a long conference, because, next week——"

"I'm going!" interrupted Gilda softly, with starry eyes; and the assurance rang true.

A diamond is a chunk of coal that has stuck to its job.—*Kaufman*.



*Dreams are for sleepers;  
vision is for doers*

# Successful Failures

## And Those Who Stop Trying

THERE ARE, it seems, three kinds of failures. One is the fellow who is pressing forward to some new achievement; another is the chap who is falling back on the easy thing he is sure he can do successfully; and the third is neither going nor coming but is marking time. A name for the first is success and a name for the third is inertia. The second? For him I know no name that fits. Edison was for many years a shining example of the failures in the first class. There can be no doubt that he was a failure, because "everybody" (who is that, anyway?) said so. One of his greatest failures was the carbon electric lamp. In that he proved a failure not only once, or the three times of the "try, try again" proverb, but nine hundred and ninety-nine times. That would have been enough to convince any one except Edison that it could not be done, but, like the hero in the verse, "he did it" the thousandth time he tried. Edison must have known, deep down within himself, that one day his failures would wear another name (I wonder if he knew that the name would be his own!), else why would he have persisted through a thousand trials? Should we brand him with his many failures, or laud him for his ultimate success? Even the thousandth trial, that trial which gave the world an electric lamp, did not bring about complete agreement between "everybody" and Edison. "Everybody" now has acclaimed him a success, but he had not succeeded in satisfying himself, as the mazda lamp of today radiantly testifies.

ABRAHAM Lincoln was the same kind of failure. In his own day his name became a byword and a hissing. In our day his awkward, ungainly, unpresidential figure has become a legend, yet America has never produced a greater man than he.

Things often are like that: The wise man wears the motley of the fool; success cries "Failure!" to the eye. Like "everybody" we sometimes see the nine hundred and ninety-nine failures and miss the valiant spirit pressing through them to the thousandth trial and success. We see a shambling gait and an awkward mien and we miss the man—as men beheld a Nazarene and missed the Man.

Success has not wholly passed the man who can discern its likeness in others, who can penetrate with vision the motley and the mask and sense the inner self, which is divine.

To achieve success and not to have it recognized may be a bitter experience—I am told that it is a common one—but the only failure is in the one who does not see the success. Such failures to see may inflict minor wounds, but they are only surface scratches and give one an opportunity to indulge in a bit of amateur heroics about being "misunderstood" and "unappreciated." You think that is tragedy? It is absolute slapstick comedy compared to being acclaimed successful, when in your heart you feel that you do not deserve applause! To be lauded when you have not done your best! Oh, that is a cup with dregs of bitterness, indeed! a bitterness which knows no anodyne, but must have a wholesome antidote instead! The antidote is to measure up to the vision, which faith will help us to make our own.

IS THERE not, then, only one kind of failure after all—the failure of not striving to fulfill one's vision? Perhaps I should say the failure of not having a vision at all, but just of marking time and substituting dreams for life. Dreams are made for those who sleep. Wide-awake people need vision—vision that dares to try, and, if need be, to try again; vision that is backed by willingness to think, to convert that thinking into work, and to persist in thinking and in working—vision to have faith in vision.

Many a financial giant quotes to his underlings the words of the wise old Solomon, "Where there is no vision the people perish"; few add the best part of the sentence, "but he that keepeth the law, happy is he." Vision is essential to success. What is the underlying law of that vision, observance of which promises happiness? Faith and persistence!

No man fails who keeps faith and persists. Our visions are the blueprints from which our worlds are built. Faith is the substance of the vision, and persistence is the builder. The law is definite, unerring; we may trust it to the limit, and if we set no limit there is none!



*Vil faces a  
problem of—*

# Influence

By Ruth H. Colby

## Part I

THE sturdily-built dory drew smoothly alongside the landing float. A tall youth, erect and immaculate in the spotless white of his Annapolis uniform, leaped ashore. He turned to give aid—though it was unneeded—to his lithe girl companion.

"Much obliged for coming to get us." He spoke to the thickset figure of the boy at the tiller. "How much do I owe you?"

"Guess two dollars will be about right."

The midshipman hesitated a moment, glanced at the inexpressive face of the boatman, and rather awkwardly handed over two bills. The other boy started his engine. Then he looked at the bills. His weather-beaten face turned dark. The midshipman, still watching from the wharf, flushed too. Then there was a little shriek from his companion and he himself started back. He had received the wadded bills squarely in the face, hurled with all the force of sea-trained muscles.

"What a perfect beast!" Dorothy Vail was properly indignant.

The "beast" gave his engine an extra turn. The distance between wharf and boat widened rapidly.

"That dressed up snob thought he'd tip us! Squeezed a two and a one dollar bill together. The dude! Talks about tea and dancin'. That's what he and that silly girl have been doin' all the afternoon. Look at his soft white hands!"

The only listener to the angry words was a wolfish-appearing dog which was curled up behind the engine. The dog lifted his head, at his master's words.

"Some day he and his soft white hands will command a ship, and if you and I, Husky, went to sea in it, we'd have to touch our caps to him. We'd have to say 'Yes, sir' to a dancin' tea hound. He's what they call a sailor, Husky."

On the wharf Midshipman Jack Saunders made no effort to pick up the bills.

"Well, I don't know that I blame him," he said to Dorothy. "I ought not to have tipped him. I forgot that the fishermen around here are so independent. He sure

can handle a boat, too. Well-built chap—if he'd ever stop slouching."

"I think he's a pig," was Dorothy's reply, as she tucked the salvaged bills into his hand.

"He's living up to the first part of his name just now, as far as I'm concerned, all right."

"What is it?" Dorothy was all curiosity.

"Hatevil. Hatevil Cleaves. Odd, isn't it? One of the original owners of the whole Neck here was named that, I'm told. This chap's ancestor."

But Dorothy had gone off into a pretty peal of laughter. "It suits him, all right."

HATEVIL, or Vil, as he was known all over the Neck, made his boat fast to its mooring.

"Come on, Husky," he said, "we got to be gettin' home."

Boy and dog simultaneously dropped overboard into the trailing dory and Vil began to row ashore.

"He couldn't make us take his old tip, could he, Husky? But at that, mebbe he meant well. He did win that race down the bay last week. Pretty stiff breeze it was for a sloop with the canvas he put on her. Wish he wasn't so everlastin' dressed up. Mebbe the government says you have to be. Husky"—the voice was almost a whisper—"how do you figger we'd look in that there white uniform?"

Boy and dog reached shore, and walked up over the Neck road. As they reached the dust-colored little postoffice the door opened, and a stooping, gray-haired figure appeared. It was Tobias Baxter, postmaster.

"You, Vil Cleaves!" The voice was rasping. "If you don't look out for that big brute of yours I'll have him shot. He killed one of my hens last night."

"He did not!" Vil answered promptly, reaching out and touching Husky as if he feared the dog might be seized at once.

"He did so. Best layin' hen I got."

"Husky didn't. He doesn't kill chickens."

"Prove it. Did you have him shut up last night?" There was triumph in the old man's tones. All the Neck knew how Husky



loved to roam at night. "Don't you scowl at me, you good-for-nothin'. I'm the postmaster of Will's Neck, I be. I've got influence. I don't aim to have my hens killed by any big brute like that, neither. You watch out!" He withdrew, slamming the door with a force that jarred the small building.

"That dodderin' old fool! I wouldn't give one of your yaller hairs, Husky, for the whole of Tobe Baxter put together. Postmaster of Will's Neck, is he? Thinks 'cause that congressman feller stops in his automobile once a summer and gives him a cigar, he's got 'influence.' Hope whatever's eatin' his hens goes right on. I s'pose, though, he'll think it was you. Guess we might visit Tobe's hen house, at that."

THAT night Vil approached a certain house. He had long wanted to, but his courage had always failed him.

"Evenin', Parson."

He was shown into a book-lined room.

"Mebbe you was fixin' to work on a sermon?"

"To tell the truth, Vil, I was working out a particularly interesting crossword puzzle. Goes to the Greek for some words. But what can I do for you?"

"Well, it's this way. I want—I want—"

"There's a chair by the fire for you and a rug in front of it for Husky. Fine animal, isn't he?"

"Parson, I want to be a sailor."

"Well, I have thought you were a pretty good one ever since you could walk."

"Oh, that. I don't mean just runnin' a boat around here. I mean like that government feller with the uniform."

"Like Captain Johnson of the *Sivash*?" The tone was surprised. The *Sivash* was the much-hated inspector's boat, which looked after lights and fire extinguishers and life preservers and all the other things that fishermen consider totally superfluous.

"Hen Johnson? Do you s'pose I'd come snoopin' around like him? No, I mean that big navy school."

"Annapolis?" The parson tried hard to hide his amazement.

"That's it. You remember Pa, don't you? Well, he always kept at me: 'Don't be a fisherman. It's a hard life.' Guess Pa would have lived longer if it hadn't been so hard. 'Even if you get a vessel of your own, she won't die of old age. No fishin' schooner ever does.' Pa was on the *Laura M* when she went down off Cape Sable. He never got rightly over it. 'If you've got to go to

sea, go to that navy school. The government'll give you a ship when you're done.' How do I get into that school, Parson?"

"Well, Vil,"—there was a slight pause—"you have to pass examinations."

"I thought—er—mebbe you'd help me. I'd pay, you know, regular wages, whatever you'd ask."

"When did you leave school, Vil?"

"Never went much after I was eleven. That old Miss Bell and I didn't get along. She was all for singin'. I never could sing, much."

"How old are you now?"

"Fifteen."

"You'd have to work harder than you've ever worked in your life at any books. Even then, with all your efforts, you might not be able to pass the examinations. You could try, though."

"That's what I aim to do. If you'll help me, Parson, I'll do my best."

"Then there's another thing. Some one here on the Neck must give your name to our congressman and suggest that he name you for appointment to the place."

"Do I have to git appointed and examined too?"

"You do. Tobe Baxter might help a bit. He knows Congressman Manley. In fact, I think Tobe holds his office more or less through Manley's influence."

"Tobe Baxter! That old idiot? He just threatened to shoot Husky for killin' his hens. Called me a good-for-nothin'. We were sort of plannin' to visit his hen house and see what the trouble was. Oh, boy! He said he was a man of influence, too!"

However, between working in the daytime and studying at night harder, as the parson had said, than anything he had ever imagined, Vil neglected Tobias' hen house.

"It's goin' to be a hard winter, Husky. All signs point to it. Look at them geese—those geese—goin' south, and here it is early September still. Guess we'll get out our lobster traps tomorrow. This looks like the last run of mackerel. Pretty good luck we've had so far."

But that luck was destined to change. Vil found Tobe Baxter again up in arms. Two more of his hens had disappeared. "Best layin' ones I got," Tobe averred. "I aim to watch that hen house tonight with a gun. And I'm a dreadful good shot, too. You'd better say good-by to that worthless brute of yours."

Vil found himself so choked with rage that he could not answer.



"And Parson wants that feller to use his 'influence' to get us appointed to Annapolis. Fine chance we've got, Husky. Aims to watch his hen house, does he? Well, I aim

to be in that hen house tonight; but you, old boy, you'll be at home, locked in, I can tell you."

(To be concluded)

# Some One Who Understands

*By Helen Carter*

**Y**OUTH is a delightfully hopeful, fearful, restless time. Sometimes I want to talk to some one, to talk for hours and hours about life and all the things that are to come in the future. It would be nice to talk to some one who would understand all the little fears and longings that a girl of eighteen has in her heart—some one who would say that life is kind; some one who would say, tenderly, not to be afraid.

That is how I felt when I went to the breakfast table this morning. After I had said good morning to the family I felt like suddenly crying aloud: "I am only a girl. I don't understand what life's all about. I want to talk to somebody for hours—and hours!" But I feared they would either laugh at me or think me crazy. So I took my seat at the table and remained silent during the entire meal.

Mother, I felt quite sure, could take all the terribly restless feeling out of my heart. Oh, just to curl up in her lap and have her rock her big eighteen-year-old baby back and forth, back and forth; just to hear her sing to me—she used to, when I was a little girl, but Mother is too busy, nowadays. Father will soon put on his coat and hat, and go down town to his office. And my sister? She is too young and too happy to understand how I felt this morning.

**W**HEN breakfast was over I went outdoors for a walk. It was early, but already the city streets were filling with people on their way to work. I looked at the people as they hurried by me. They were grown-ups. They did not remember how it felt to be young, and they hurried by me because they knew where they were going. But I was young. I did not know what I

wanted to be in life, and I did not know where I was going.

Finally I came upon a quiet park, which lay deserted and peaceful under the blue morning sky. It was very still everywhere and the tall trees stood like silent statues along the pathways.

I walked through the park, thinking many confused, unhappy thoughts until I came to the top of a high hill. Walking out to the edge of a cliff, I looked before me and viewed the city which lay at my feet. A feeling of exaltation came to me. The wind and the sunlight touched me, and I began to smile happily. Though seemingly by myself, far away from people, I was no longer lonely. Some one seemed to be standing beside me. So I began to talk aloud to that imaginary soul! I spoke of all my hopes, my fears, and my ambitions; and I felt that some one understood! A leaf or two fell gently on my shoulder from the tree above me; and suddenly I felt that God had touched my shoulder. "There, my child," a voice seemed to whisper, "do not fear life. Be happy again. You stand here upon the high hill of Youth. Life lies before you. Seek Truth and love life; then life and Truth and happiness will come to you. Be cheerful and life will smile for you. Be tender and life will be tender to you. There, my child, do not fear, for I am here!"

A great peace came upon me. I raised my face to the sun and smiled. Some one understood. God understood! I descended the hill with a new strength in my heart and I sang to myself as I entered the city; for I rejoiced to be young and I knew that God understood!

"Does your work push you, so that at the end of the day you feel that you have been running a losing race? The only remedy for this condition is for you to get behind your work and push it."

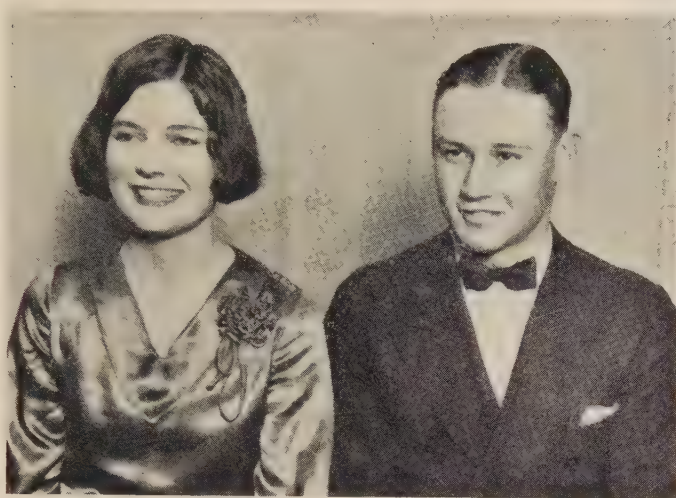




INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL PHOTO

## HAVE YOU HEARD THEM SING?

NO DOUBT many of *Youth's* readers have heard Wilbur W. Evans and Agnes Davis sing in the recent radio contest. Each of these young people won a first prize of \$5,000, a stage contract, and a trip abroad, in the Atwater Kent Foundation music radio contest. Mr. Evans, of Philadelphia, is twenty-two years of age; Miss Davis, of Denver, is twenty-four.



INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL PHOTO

## HEALTH CHAMPIONS

A COMMITTEE of physicians, after examining hundreds of boys and girls from all over the country who entered a health competition held in Chicago recently, declared Marie Antrim and Fred Christensen the health champions of the country.

Miss Antrim, fifteen, lives at Kingman, Kans. She was selected after what the committee described as one of the closest competitions on record. She was given a rating of ninety-nine and fifteen one-hundredths per cent.

"I eat lots of vegetables and I drink a lot of milk, though I don't eat meat often. I stay out in the open a lot, I play tennis and am a member of the girls' baseball team. I go to bed early," the Kansas City Star quotes Miss Antrim as saying.

Fred Christensen, 18, of Blanchard, Iowa, was sent to Chicago by the Iowa fair board to contest with boys from virtually every state in America. His rating of 99% breaks all previous national records for boys.





# Something to Tie to

To try without succeeding is better than to succeed without trying; and either is virtually impossible.



Things "come to pass." Let them pass—to make way for those which are better.



Principles alone are enduring. Personality, appearance, mannerisms, all these change continually. Only the "I" of us remains unchanged, the "I" which says "I think," "I live," "I grow," "I am."



There are many good things which we all can afford, regardless of our circumstances.



We can well afford to be cheerful in apparent defeat, for we have not lost irreparably while we still have the spirit of cheer.



We can well afford to give freely the best we have, because in giving it we have it doubly.



We can well afford to doubt a seeming injustice, because God's law is sure.



We can well afford to be tolerant of the opinions of others, because—if we are growing—our own views are certain to change.



We can well afford a seeming sacrifice for the right, because any other side is a losing side.



We can well afford any effort which adds to the richness of our inner life; because any good from without can reach us only through an affinity with the good we have cultivated within.



We can well afford to believe that which is good, because only the good is true.



We can afford to give a regular time each day to the study of spiritual things, because such a study is an investment in happiness.

# Something to Laugh at



## Woman the Offender

Passing the blame for any trouble on to the woman is a very old habit, as the following story will prove:

At the close of a hot day, Adam was returning with his hoe on his shoulder, from a hard day's labor, to his humble cottage. Maybe it was a cave. That doesn't matter, for it was a humble abode. Young Cain was running ahead, boylike, throwing rocks at the birds. Suddenly they came upon a beautiful garden. "Oh, father!" said Cain, "look at that beautiful garden. I wish we could live there."

"We did live in that garden," said Adam regretfully, "until your mother ate us out of house and home."—*The Kablegram*.

## The Real Thing

It was her first real view of a cotton plantation with the plants all in full bloom, the endless fields of white causing her no end of wonderment. They stood spell-bound at the spectacle until the young lady broke the silence by remarking:

"What a wonderful crop of powder puffs! It's the first time I've seen them actually growing!"—*Sunshine Bulletin*.

## Fear Dispelled

"I have always had a presentiment," she said, "that I should die young."

"Well, dearie," remarked her woman friend, "you didn't after all, did you?"—*The Chaser*.

## Tender Confession

Darling—"Mamma, I have a surprise for you."

Mother—"Yes, darling; what is it?"

Darling—"I've swallowed a nail."—*Life*.

## Or Noah and His Ark

The first "We": Jonah and the whale.—*Milwaukee Journal*.

## Julius! Seize 'Er!

"My niece is quite theatrical," remarked old Mrs. Blunderby. "Next week she is taking part in a Shakespeare play at college."

"Which of his plays is it?" her caller asked.

"Edith mentioned the name of it, but I'm not sure whether it's 'If You Like It That Way' or 'Nothing Much Doing.'—*Boston Transcript*.

## Doesn't Sound Reasonable

Found in the "for sale" column on a classified ad. page: "Eskimo Spitz Puppies Reasonable."—*New Yorker*.



# The Man Who Broke

## *A Character Sketch*

**I**T WAS very unhealthy to be born of Jewish parents in Egypt in the 14th century before Christ—and particularly unhealthy for a boy.

The Israelites were then in bondage to Egypt, and were increasing in numbers and in commercial prowess so rapidly that they were considered a menace to the safety of the state.

An edict went forth that every male child born to Jewish parents should be slain.

Nevertheless one such child escaped. He was the infant son of Amram.

In strange ways he became virtually a prince of Egypt, an honored member of the royal household; and more strangely still, he became the deliverer of his father's people.

As he grew to manhood, the burden of the Israelites was made constantly heavier. One day, as he beheld an Egyptian beating one of the enslaved Israelites, he could restrain his resentment no longer. He rushed to the slave's defense. His arm was stronger than he realized. The Egyptian fell dead. Moses fled to the land of Midian, and was for forty years an exile.

Never did Moses seem less like the destined deliverer of his people; yet that subtle force which forever turns to good accounts the mistakes of men, brought good out of Moses' exile, too. Had he remained in the house of the pharaoh, luxury might have dulled his sensitiveness to his people's needs. His shepherd life in Midian served to show him how much his people had lost in their bondage. He became filled with the conviction that they must be freed.

To the man who is fired by a great vision, every bush is aflame with God. It is not strange, then, that God spoke to Moses from a burning bush, bidding him to save his people. Moses had become a man of vision.

He returned to Egypt.

Egypt was in almost as sorry a plight as were the Israelites. Slavery has a disastrous effect in men, whether their slavery be bond-

age to ideas, or to persons and things. It robs them of initiative, of independence, of vision. The Egyptians were as much enslaved as were the Israelites, though less obviously so. With a captive nation to serve them, the oppressors had become slaves to luxury. Vice and corruption were the evil fruits of their tyranny. Egypt had violated the law of its own good, for idleness and vice are not good for men; and though the Israelites were sorely afflicted, their very suffering united them and their hard labor made them strong.

Such excesses provide within themselves



PUBLISHERS, PHOTO SERVICE

*"Looking across the sea of Galilee toward the mountains of*

# the Ten Commandments

By Ernest C. Wilson



*Moab from which Moses first viewed the Promised Land."*

their own punishment. The law of life gives us whatever we demand. If we demand more of anything than we can use wisely, the excess becomes torment; no especial divine intervention is necessary. It was so with Egypt.

When Moses reappeared in Egypt as the deliverer of Israel, and boldly threatened the Egyptians with plagues if they should refuse freedom to their captives, the warning may have seemed to them to be the threat of an angry God. Actually it was a logical prophecy that effect would follow cause.

The plagues were no miracle, unless the action of law be considered a miracle. More

remarkable than the occurrence of the plagues is Moses' vision, which foresaw them as a natural result of wrong-doing. Even today—a day of science—we do not always couple cause and effects correctly, even after both are discernible. Moses foresaw the evil results of Egypt's grossly material living, its profound injustice to his people. He could see in the abuse its own punishment. Another man of vision more recently expressed the same vision. "What we call retribution," he said, "is the universal necessity by which the whole appears wherever a part appears. . . . Crime and punishment grow out of one stem."

IT MUST be very discouraging to a prophet and way-shower to think that he has gained a following, only to find, when he has gone a little way, that his followers are hanging back, or actually are fleeing from him. This was the situation which confronted Moses—or which, at least, existed behind his back. One would think that men who had suffered in bondage would welcome almost any change, and would applaud their deliverer; but such is seldom the case, and the confused Israelites, unaccustomed to providing for their own needs, had been in the desert but a short time before they were complaining and wishing themselves back in

Egypt. It had been hard enough to be under cruel taskmasters, but it seemed worse to be without assurance of food and lodging.

To the simple, everything which is not understood is miraculous; they look upon each occurrence as a special act of deity, and fail to see the law behind the events. To the half wise, nothing which is understood is worthy of tribute. They disdain a blessing whose occurrence they can explain. They are like the man who claimed that he did not believe in God, because God did not answer prayer. He had been lost in a forest, and had wandered for days, until weak from ex-



haustion and hunger, he had sunk down upon his knees to rest. In desperation he prayed, that if there were a God, that God would deliver him. Shortly afterward some hunters found him and cared for him and helped him back to his home. "And you do not believe that God answers prayers?" he was asked. "No," he replied. "God did not answer. It was those hunters who saved my life." "How, then, did you expect God to help you?" was the challenge. He had no answer.

The wise man, and Moses was such, recognizes all blessings that come to him, and rejoices in knowing the law through which they are expressed. The dividing of the waters of the Red Sea—which made a highway for the Israelites and reunited to engulf the Egyptians—was not merely the ebb and flow of the tide, but was a sign of divine favor. Moses found significance in the clouds which came between the Israelites and their pursuers, and in the "light by night" which enabled them to add to the day's journey if they chose. The manna from heaven, which has been given various natural explanations by modern commentators, was to him a heaven-sent help in time of need.

Moses may have understood the natural explanation of these occurrences; he has given abundant indication of a wisdom which would warrant that belief; but to know the law of the blessing did not diminish his reverence. He had somehow discovered the truth that God manifests through law and that His law is invariable, always ready to bless those who comply with the conditions of its operation.

Moses accorded this compliance through his love of God. He did not wait to feel

the harsh reaction of the law before he would change a mistaken course. His first warnings to the pharaoh were an attempt to save Egypt from suffering. Pharaoh did not heed it. The Israelites were equally unresponsive. They had not yet developed such vision as their leader possessed. They had lived under a law of violence, and for the time it was the only law that they could understand. Despite their suffering under that law, they were not yet ready to accept the law of love.

Much as Moses may have longed to free his people, he soon came to see that he could

not give them freedom. They must earn it themselves. He had freed their arms and legs from shackles of iron. It was a slower process to free their minds from the shackles of Egyptian ideas. They were still in bondage, an insidious mental bondage that put pleasure and luxury and material things before the things of Spirit. Leading them out of literal bondage was a simple task. His greater work was to help them to be free mentally, and to arouse in them that allegiance to God and to the laws of God which alone could bring them into their Promised Land of Canaan.

A man of vision, Moses longed to

share with them his understanding of the "deep things of God," but his words fell on heedless ears. Moses had little of the gift of soft words, nor was patience his greatest virtue; yet it would be hard to find, among all the great men of history, one more admirably fitted for the task which confronted him.

His charges would not accept the gentle and loving guidance of the law. Then they must be warned of its certainty. It was his work to sound the warning. He must look to Jehovah for guidance.

### *The Ten Commandments*

- I. Thou shalt have no other gods before me.*
- II. Thou shalt not make unto thee a graven image.*
- III. Thou shalt not take the name of Jehovah thy God in vain.*
- IV. Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy.*
- V. Honor thy father and thy mother.*
- VI. Thou shalt not kill.*
- VII. Thou shalt not commit adultery.*
- VIII. Thou shalt not steal.*
- IX. Thou shalt not bear false witness.*
- X. Thou shalt not covet.*

As many a man before and since him has done, he sought God in the mountains. There, during a period of communion which lasted for forty days, he formulated with God's help the letter of the law which has been known through all the centuries since as the Ten Commandments.

This patriarch, called at the age of eighty to lead a nation to freedom, has been much criticized for the severity of that law which he ascribed to the "finger of God." It is a tribute to his wisdom and to its truth that that law still stands today as a guide for all who have not yet come into the perception of the law of love.

Had the same great vision been received today by a student of Truth, it could scarcely be altered in purpose, though undoubtedly it would be changed in its form to meet a changed standard of thought. (We are printing herewith the law as it was revealed to Moses, and with it a paraphrase as it might be expressed today.)

When Moses came down the mountainside, triumphantly bearing the ten commandments on tablets of stone prepared for him by Jehovah, he heard a great clamor.

At first he thought it was the din of warfare. He found it to be the chanting of worshipers to a false god.

In anger Moses shattered the tablets upon the ground.

He punished the unfaithful.

Then he ascended Mt. Sinai again; but this time he had to hew and carve the tablets himself!

IT HAS been wondered how the Israelites could remain lost in the wilderness forty years; for the wilderness was not very large and a few months at most should have suf-

ficed for the journey. The answer is a simple one. The wilderness in which they were lost was a mental one; and until that wilderness of thought should be put in order they could not find their way. But of what use, then, was Moses, if he could not find the way for them? He could have done so. That he knew the way there is little doubt. He could lead them, but they could not—or would not, which is the same thing—follow him. The only way to get to the Promised Land is to go to it. The Israelites seemingly could not keep going in any one direction for very

long. This was true of them mentally even more than it was true physically. They could not even remain steadfast in their allegiance to God. Had they reached the Promised Land, within which were the possibilities of an Eden, they would have been unable to live there. Their own uncertainty, their vagaries, their quarrels, their idolatry, would have expelled them.

This is no less true of us all today. All the possibilities of heaven are in the earth. It takes only Godlike people thinking Godlike thoughts, speaking Godlike words, performing Godlike action, to transform earth into a paradise. Heaven,

though, demands citizens. It needs men and women—and the hope of every age is its youth—who can grasp the high vision and can remain steadfast in following it; men and women who know the law of life and conform to it, without always waiting to be whipped and starved and punished into line.

No one keeps us out of our promised land of heaven but ourselves. None kept the Israelites out of Canaan but themselves. Their guidance was ever at hand. So is ours.

Picture, then, this wise old prophet, pains-

### *The Ten Commandments*

- I. Put God first in your life.*
- II. Do not worship things. Master them and they will serve you.*
- III. The name of God invokes His power. You are responsible for your use of that power.*
- IV. Keep every day holy by devoting every day wholly to good.*
- V. Honor your divine Father-Mother God and you will do honor to your earthly parents.*
- VI. Revere and conserve life wherever it expresses, for life is Spirit.*
- VII. Keep love free from the adulteration of selfishness.*
- VIII. Do not rob Spirit to favor the flesh.*
- IX. Bear witness to the truth in others and in yourself.*
- X. Find the good which God has already given to you.*



takingly, carefully organizing his people, providing as parts of a religious code rules which they should have had the wisdom to follow without admonition; forbidding the use of pork, providing for regular periods of fasting, formulating a system of self-government, introducing sanitary regulations. Today Gentiles sometimes smile at this old Jewish lawmaker and his laws; but his laws have stood the test of time, and today we are learning that all meat is undesirable food, that pork is the worst of all, that most of us eat much more than we need, and that periods of fasting are a good habit, that men, and even machines, do better work by having occasional periods of rest. Oh, Moses was a wise prophet! Centuries after him came another leader; this One did not condemn the law of the wilderness, but declared that that law must be fulfilled—by love! Not abrogated, not set aside, but fulfilled, lovingly, because it is God's will in us to do what is right and best!

Picture again this old prophet, in the sunset of life, standing silently and alone on the highest peak of the mountains of Moab, viewing with a vision yet undimmed, though he

was close to 120 years of age, the silver stream of the Jordan as it flowed down from Galilee into the Dead Sea. We have said that patience was no great virtue in him. We withdraw the statement. A man who could be steadfast in his allegiance to the "perverse and crooked generation" of Israel during the forty years of their tuition under his guidance was very nearly patience personified.

For at least two hundred years, and possibly for more than four hundred, the Israelites had been in Egyptian slavery. In forty years he had made of them a people united in purpose and united in allegiance to their God.

Their next step was to go into the land that had been prepared for them. Moses felt that his own work was completed; and be it said for him that that work was well done. To choose the next leader of the Israelites, one who would insure that the years of preparation would not be wasted, was his final duty. He chose Joshua, a young man whom he had trained in leadership, and felt that God had inspired his choice. God was with him, and with his people; and they were with God. It was well.

## AH KNOWS IT

*By Peter A. Lea*

Ef YO' am tired an' worn wif cares yo'  
would fo'get,

Ef yo' am all unstrung wif troubles so' b'set,  
Yo' all can learn one lesson which will keep  
Yo' heart from faintin' an' yo' soul from  
sleep—

Get yo' outside, jes' walk some every day,  
An' as yo' swing along, jes' kinda pray  
Wif'out words, so'ta let yo'self believe  
Dat good am comin'—an' yo' will receive!

# Beth, a Modern Girl

*By Oreola Haskell*

From her chic bob to her three-inch, patent heels, Beth is a "modern." She will not allow her own good qualities to be lauded, yet stanchly she defends those qualities in other young people.

She "hits the boss for a raise"—and gets it by her argument that service, not sex, should set salaries. Her dad finds a fly in the ointment of his own admiration of her—his own skimpy pay roll.

## THE BOY FRIEND SPEAKS

**D**O YOU know, George, if you weren't my oldest pal, hadn't known me since knee pants days, I couldn't tell you about my girl. Glib enough I've been about most of the Janes, you say? Yes, but I suppose there's bound to come a girl you can't gab about; you feel it so much that the words sort of stick in your throat. Still, George, we've been through so much together, I'd like you to know.

This is a real girl—human, you know, and all that. She has a good bean, the old heart pumps in good shape, the looks are all in the front window, plenty of steam in the pipes, got talent in the warbling line, too. She's not the kind that thinks an agnostic's a new make of car and not the kind that wears an encyclopedia for a hat, either. Her name's Beth Benson.

I've liked her awfully well for some time but never thought of connecting her with furniture on the installment plan until— Well, we went to a dance together and we were going home in a taxicab when at the park we were held up. At the point of a pistol, I handed over my watch and my wad and Beth gave up a necklace and a ring and a silver purse. The taxi driver got a fright and skipped, leaving us parked in the middle of the park at 2 a. m., forced to flounder around in a strange place and try to get out.

Not so good, you'll say. Some girls would be liable to faint or scream or bawl and add a dismal dampness to the darkness. It was spooky there, with rustling in the bushes, funny bushes, trees that looked as

though more bandits were lurking ready to pounce out; and cold—the old teeth just would chatter unless you clenched 'em!

She's older, but she looked like a kid—bobbed hair, skimpy silk dress, fluffy opera cape, no hat, invisible stockings, thin silver slippers. She looked kinda silly, too—powder on her nose and mincing along on high heels! I got all this under lamp posts where I could see her, though mostly we stumbled along in the dark. I feared the worst in the hysterics line! But grit! Well, she was full of it! No complaining—no blaming me—nothing but going on gamely and getting there and talking all the time to keep my courage up. She was shivering, too—dressed for a warm car, not a cold park!

Of course, we pegged along and got lost and walked miles out of the way and after what seemed a couple of centuries, we struck a park entrance and got out of the blamed place. You bet I'm fed up on that park, for life!

One thing did happen to the good. I took notice of that girl good and plenty—full of pioneer stuff; quite O. K., if you like 'em that way—not packed full of idiocy. I do like 'em that way—always thought I'd like a little sense and courage in a wife, and a little unselfishness.

She seemed to think as much, if not more, of my discomfort than of her own. She seemed to know that I felt like a regular gump, not being able to protect the woman I was out with, but that I had had to give in. Her attitude got me so's I could hardly speak. You know, you feel like you're in a whirl-



*The Boy Friend*



pool spinning madly round in your feelings. When Steel's your name, you'd like Mrs. Steel not made of puff paste, but with a streak of strength running through her.

She showed me another side of her nature, too, that night. In the taxi we finally got, there was an abandoned baby. What do you think of that? It was our night for shows, I guess. She was grand to that poor kid—cuddled it and crooned over it. We had to feed it and take it to a hospital and promise to get it adopted if its mother never showed up. I saw then that she had a strong side and a weak side—no, a soft side. Sounds as if she were sorta in layers like a chocolate cake! But you know what I mean, George.

Seems to me that's the way girls ought to be—able to brace up a man and to cuddle a kid. That's the combination I like, anyhow. So, George, I guess Beth gets me if she'll have me. I've got to hustle to be equal to her. Makes me feel second-rate and spindly and I had expected to feel like a conquering hero when I met the right one—not humble and sorta ashamed of myself! There's only one thing that I can be proud of and that's that I'd do anything for her. That's my one redeeming trait.

Of course, I could talk all night, but that's the tale; and as Beth says, "For the annals of an idiot, it's all right!" And we'll leave it just there.

*(Next month Beth has a "talk-talk" with her girl friend.)*

## KEEPING UP WITH GOD

*By Julianne S. Ott*

WE pray, "Give us our daily bread."

But do we pause and know  
That thus we set ourselves a pace  
For giving, as we go?

If each morn brings a boon to us,  
From out God's loving hand,  
Should we not share, e'er twilight falls,  
The good at our command?

But even giving all the time,  
We find, each close of day,  
Our Father still has given us  
More than we gave away.

*Radiating the  
joy of life*

# Charm

*By L. D. Stearns*

COPYRIGHT 1928 BY L. D. STEARNS



**A**LTHOUGH it may not seem possible for every one to acquire outward beauty, charm is very definitely within the reach of all. Beauty without charm is like "sounding brass, or a clanging cymbal"; after the first breath of admiration has passed, such beauty is forgotten, and its power is lost as completely as are the petals of last year's loveliest rose. But charm, even without the aid of beauty, goes dancing its way through the world on magic feet. The first breath of admiration but paves the way for others, deeper and stronger; the power of charm steadily increases; charm is never forgotten, so long as memory lasts.

In a suite of rooms at a noted school, two students sat idly chatting. Wistfully one spoke: "I think," she said, "that even the heathen would fight to tie your shoe laces, Betty, if you were to go as a missionary to darkest Africa. How do you get that way, child?"

The bright face opposite dimpled and flushed. It was not a beautiful face. Not a feature of it was perfect. The mouth was too large; the cheek bones were too high; the nose was a bit too prominent; but it was a wonderfully charming face! Vibrant health glowed in the cheeks; joy of life shone in the eyes. The girl radiated an all-encompassing friendliness. "Jeannie," she cried, "isn't it wonderful—just wonderful—to live?"

Isn't that, perhaps, one of the secrets of charm—to possess the joy of life in such overflowing measure that as one sends it radiating outward it draws love and admiration to one as a magnet searches out and draws to itself steel?

"But," you say, "not every one possesses such overflowing joy of life."

No? Find it, then, if you have it not.

**SCIENTISTS** tell us that habits and emotions can be cultivated virtually at will. We have learned, during these latter days, many wonderful facts concerning our minds

and our bodies, open teaching of which, not so many decades ago, would have been considered witchcraft or black magic. We have learned that thoughts, impressed upon the mind with a certain degree of forcefulness, produce definite, even visible, effects on the body. But there must be a strong inner force, in order to bring about these effects.

You may repeat the phrase, "It is a glorious world," until doomsday, and not cause one throb of emotion to stir quickeningly within you, if, during the repetitions, you do not really *feel* the world's beauty—if you are allowing some cloudlike obstruction to stand between you and the glory of life. But if you care enough for beauty to arise with the sun and to watch it until you must turn your eyes from the blazing wonder of it or be blinded, you will discover that it is indeed glorious. If, day after day, you will seek to see, to appreciate, and to add to the beauty of life, you will find a growing sense of beauty creeping into your soul.

Look at the stars, the steady, faithful, shining stars; see how gracefully twilight drapes her lovely mantle about the earth; observe the different colors of the very air about you—the clear transparency of one day, the shadowy gray mistiness of another; again, a golden tint drifts before your entranced gaze; now a lilac day intrigues you. See that little bird tilt his graceful head; hear him sing: "*Tit-ti-wee-o! tit-ti-wee-o!*"

See that quick smile chase the gloom from some downcast face at your cheery greeting, or at your kindly act. Feel your own heart beat—beat—beat. Sing as some one whispers gratefully into your ear, "You helped me rise, when I was almost over the brink!"

**O**H, YES! You can realize the joy of life, if only you will pay in the honest coin of worth, truth, loyalty, self-mastery, humility, service, and spirituality. Belittling thoughts, groveling ideas, and stunted sympathies cannot give it to you, any more than a foul and muddy pool can give forth clear, pure water. The joy of life is generated



within. It flows outward, vital and glowing, from the center of one's being.

A mighty power manipulates the universe. We might as well accept that power in a practical, common sense way, and swing ourselves into line with its force and its plan. If it can wrap the life of a pansy in one tiny seed and that of a lily in a bulb; if it can

cause the perfume of a rose to vary from that of a lily; if it can bring the seasons regularly, cause the rain to fall and the glorious sun to shine, then surely it can unfold the powers of your life, and of mine, into strength and beauty and largeness both of vision and of attainment, if we but give it free right of way within.

## Your Health and Prosperity

ON THIS page we give the Health and Prosperity statements that will be held by thousands of readers of Unity periodicals all over the world, beginning with the twentieth of the current month.

Holding a thought means presenting a statement to the mind and trying to realize that it is true. The statements given herewith are true; if you realize their truth you will bring into your life the conditions they indicate.

We find that the best method for this practice is to choose a regular time and adhere to it—once, twice, three times a day, or more—a special time for realization of the truth regarding yourself and your life. What time you choose is of no moment; many find the first few minutes after waking in the morning, and the last waking moments at night, the best. The important thing is to form the habit of holding these thoughts every day, many times a day, regularly, unfailingly, until it becomes second nature to think them under all conditions and everywhere. You may have little faith in such a practice at the beginning; but if you will try it, the effect on your affairs will be such that you will not discontinue it.

### HEALING THOUGHT

March 20 to April 20

*The Mind that was in Christ  
Jesus is in me and I am raised to  
His consciousness of wholeness  
and health.*

### PROSPERITY THOUGHT

March 20 to April 20

*The Mind that was in Christ  
Jesus is my resource, and I am  
raised to His consciousness of  
infinite resource.*

THE mind that was in Christ Jesus was not an ordinary intellectual mind, but a spiritual or supermind. All thoughts are transparent to the Christ Mind. Jesus always knew the thoughts that were in the minds of His hearers.

Jesus' mind was cleansed of all thought of sickness and of imperfection. When we have in us the mind that was in Christ Jesus, spiritual faith is quickened in us and our whole being is charged with healing life. This process we term being raised to the consciousness of Jesus Christ. We can raise ourselves to the Jesus Christ consciousness through faith in His mind.

THE mind that was in Christ Jesus acknowledged God as its resource and communed with Him.

All things that we behold visibly have their source in an invisible base; this base is an idea. When we have the consciousness of the reality of ideas, as Jesus had, we give thanks that our desires are now spiritually expressed. When Jesus multiplied the loaves and fishes He gave thanks and then began to distribute them. We find that by giving thanks to God for all good in the name of Christ Jesus, we are raised to the consciousness of the All-good and our good is thereby increased.

*See beyond your mistakes  
and follow your vision*

# Knee to Knee

*With the Editor*

THE good that I would I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do" (Rom. 7:19).

You or I might have said these words—probably each of us has said them in his own way many times—but actually they were written by a queer, little, undersized chap whose zeal was far greater than his physical strength, a Roman citizen of Jewish birth, who made a great mistake and by trying to correct it became one of the world's great men.

This fiery little man has only an incidental place in our chat here knee to knee, a place by reason of his amazing insight into human nature, the insight which enabled him years ago to say things which today are true of all of us, which ring in our ears with the conviction of reality, even though he wrote them shortly after the time of Christ. This man, Saul of Tarsus, later called Paul, had shortcomings of which he was almost painfully aware. "When I desire to do right, evil is there with me," he said. A common experience, that! Which one of us has not had the same feeling, expressed it in virtually the same words?

Paul did not allow his shortcomings to master him, however, or to prevent him from doing the work he felt it was his mission to do. Perhaps these shortcomings added to his power, in a way. They enabled him to talk understandingly to persons who had vexing problems, persons in whom a warfare waged between good impulses and evil impulses. He, too, had had similar problems to solve for himself. He, too, had been swayed by impulses which his better nature told him were wrong and against which he seemed helpless. And he had won! We have within us a power that is greater than anything to which we give power. Great persons are those who have used this power.

Habits have no power in themselves. The power that we give to bad habits is the power that we can use to overcome and master them. If we believe that we cannot overcome some weakness or habit that is undesirable, we do not yet know the truth about ourselves. We have greater power than we know. It remains for us to know it and to exercise it. We do not usually find power merely by thinking about it. Thinking about it is the

first step; but this power also demands expression. If we begin to use it, we shall find that it will grow; it will grow in no other way. It is impractical to say, "I do not believe I have this power; let me see it before I use it." We see it, or find it, only as we use it.

Sometimes we cannot see just why we should try to overcome a bad habit. We seem to get along after a fashion, and the overcoming requires effort. True: but if it is a bad habit, every indulgence of it weakens our strength of character and adds to our selfishness.

HERE is another view of the problem. None of us can live wholly to himself. At many points our lives touch those of others. Whatever we think and say and do influences not only ourselves, but more or less subtly enters into the lives of our families, our friends, and our associates. Suppose we do not care? Suppose we prefer to go on as we are going, even though to do so is selfish? The answer is: "What I give out comes back to me, increased and multiplied!" The circle of action may be large and the return may seem slow, but reaction is certain. Do not be deceived; do not listen to arguments to the contrary, even if they are your own arguments, for they are specious. If something within you points to a wrong you are doing to yourself or to others; if you are conscious that you are not measuring up to your ideal, do not hesitate, but begin at once to "put your house in order." It is the only way to find happiness; in correcting the fault, you will find happiness not only at the end of your attainment but all along the way.

Listen to Paul again: "I delight in the law of God after the inward man; but I see a different law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity under the law of sin which is in my members. Wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me out of the body of this death? I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord. So then I of myself with the mind, indeed, serve the law of God; but with the flesh the law of sin."

Sooner or later most of us meet this problem of seeming dissension within ourselves, and it is only by the discovery of an inner power which is greater than the dissension that



we can overcome it and make both the mind and the body serve ideals. Paul discovered this truth and he expressed it in a way that at first may seem to you to be impractical—possibly because you have seen it impractically applied. Paul says, "The law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus made me free from the law of sin and death."

Paul had been educated in the usual Jewish schools. He had been trained to be a Pharisee among Pharisees. He was steeped in their old theology, their statecraft. He had often heard of the little band of religious fanatics who called themselves Christians. Dissenters, both religious and political, were not unusual in those days; they were always troublesome. To discourage them was a service to the state. Paul was ingenious in devising discouragements. Oddly enough, his very persecution of the Christians brought about his conversion to their faith. Through persecuting them he came to know them; through knowing them, to sense their wonderful spirit. The feeling grew upon him that he might be wrong. At last it became clear to him that they had found an eternal truth.

**W**HEN we get new light on some puzzling problem, often we say, "Now I see the light!" Paul's awakening to the Christian message came as light so bright that for three days he was in a daze. With his change of heart, Paul showed his true bigness by setting about to right the wrong that he had done. He became as ardent in his ministry for Christ as previously he had been in denouncing Him. Paul had gotten a light in regard to the Christ such as perhaps few men have had. He came to see that Christ lived not only through Jesus, but that he lives in every one; that it is every man's mission to express his Christ like nature. Paul clearly realized his own human weakness, but he also realized that through the power of Christ within he could be made strong. In the

strength of that indwelling Presence he became a wonderful teacher, strong in the overcoming of evil in himself, as well as in pointing the way to others.

That same Power which was in Jesus, which Paul found in himself, is in us. Through it we may become strong to resist all temptations of evil, to overcome weaknesses, and to express the qualities which we have dreamed of expressing. The greatest help that we can have is the consciousness of power within ourselves. Meditate upon this inner power. Form the habit of thinking of yourself in your true nature, instead of as you appear, and you will become like what you think. Let no day pass without devoting at least a brief time to picturing yourself as you want to be, doing what you idealize yourself as capable of doing, living the life of purpose and power which down deep in your heart you would like to live. No investment you can make will pay such big dividends. You may not see how "just thinking" will do this. "Just thinking" will not; but begin by thinking, and thought will lead to action—just as your past thoughts have led to action and have determined your present place in life. Use the following statement, or make it a guide to a statement which you formulate:

*I am satisfied with nothing less than my best. My ideal self, the Christ within, sets the standard of all my thoughts, words, actions. I have faith in my ideals, faith in my power to overcome all imperfection. I direct all my energies toward calling forth my best. I am master of my mind, my body, and my affairs. Nothing external can control me. I am equal to every emergency, superior to every circumstance. Past thoughts, words, actions, have no power to limit me. I stand forth in the eternal present, the free, capable, aspiring son of God. I set no limits upon my possibilities of attainment, for God has set none. I dare to believe that I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me.*

Youth wishes to thank its readers for the many expressions of good wishes and of appreciation received during the holidays. These greetings have been most inspiring.

# Your Own Pages

We will print as many helpful, sincere letters here as space permits. Please sign your name and address; we will publish only your initials.

**H**ELEN Carter, whose second contribution to *Youth* appears in this issue of the magazine, is one of the readers of Your Own Pages. She is eighteen years of age and writes interestingly of the Unity Center which she attends.

*Dear Friends:*

Here in Washington, the capital of the nation, there is a splendid Unity center. It is small at present, but I have faith that it is growing "bigger and better" each week.

I am proud to be a member of the "Young People" of this center. The Bible says: "Your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions." So it is in our Unity Center here. I can read it in the faces of our people.

I send you some of my dreams, poems which blossomed from a seed of Truth.

Read them. Know that they are sincere and heart-born.

And if you think one of them worthy to be printed, how great and how young a dream will come true!—H. C.

Do you remember the letter from J. B. which was published in October *Youth*? She accused the editors of not loving young people enough! Here is a second letter from her:

*Dear Editor:*

Here we are again! We are that insufferable person who accused you of not loving us enough, and you promptly humbled us to the dust by loving us more and writing us the gentlest of letters! (And we chokingly sent off for a Good Words pin so you'd never get a chance to get the better of us again like that!) Well, anyway, here are many good wishes for *Youth* and every one connected with it! It is the nicest of magazines!—J. B.

*Dear Editor:*

I have read your articles for many months and am writing to ask your advice. I am thirteen years old and a freshman in junior high. I have two problems.

First: A— and I have been close friends for some time. Until this year our classes have been together but this year we were separated, and she has gone quite a lot with S—. Until lately I had

thought nothing about it. Now when I ask A— to go anywhere she can't because she's going with S— or she's already been there with S—. Up to this time A— and I have gone down town on Saturday to lunch and to the theater, but now that is all over with because of S—. She walks home from school with us every night. She always wants to stop in the drug store to get something to eat. I wouldn't mind this now and then but I can't afford it all the time. Both A—'s and S—'s parents have automobiles, while mine haven't. S— can take A— anywhere in her car, while I can't. She has started to take A— to school now. I hear them talking about where S— is going to take A— and I feel left out. I try not to show my feelings but I'm afraid I don't succeed. For some reason I don't care for S—. It's jealousy, I suppose. I want to keep A—'s friendship because she is a sweet, wholesome, and lovable girl. If you knew her you would understand my trouble better. Will you please tell me what I can do?

Second: K— has been a friend of A—'s and of mine for a long while. This last year she has become pretty wild. She got into some trouble about some boys at a football game and has been in trouble ever since then. I gave her a good talking to but it did no good. She knows I do not approve of her actions; she tries to hide them from me. I hate to see K— go wrong because she has lovely things in her if she'd only let them shine. Our friends over at senior high are talking about it and they tell us if we do not leave K— alone we'll ruin our reputations and people will be classing us with her. I hate to leave K— in her trouble, but what can I do? She seems sorry to lose our friendship but she won't leave the boys alone. What shall I do?

If you could take time to answer my letter I would be ever and ever so grateful to you.—C. G.

C. G.—We must let our friends do what they choose to do, even if they choose to leave us out of their good times. This seems difficult, perhaps, but it works out best eventually. You see, if we love our friends only for what they do for us, we are as selfish as they seem to be when they neglect us.





You say A—— is a sweet, wholesome, lovable girl. You can prove that you think so by trusting her to do what is right. Fair weather friendships are small affairs. Make your friendship big enough to weather this little test. The way to have a friend is to be one.

What would you want K—— to do if you were she and she were you? Readers, what do you say?

*Dear Editor:*

I am fifteen, though most persons think I am older, as I am rather large for my age.

There are two things, dear editor, with which I'd like you to help me: (1) To play the piano well, (2) To be able to compose poetry. I love music and poetry, but it seems as though my head is too hard to learn the former. Concerning poetry, I have composed many little pieces, two of which have been published. I am looked upon by my friends as a poetess; but that is all fun. I wish I really were. I often compose beautiful thoughts in my mind, but when I try to write them, I get nowhere.—R. B.

R. B.—Your desire to play the piano well and to write verse is undoubtedly your Father's desire in you. When God gives us such desires as this, it becomes our duty to train ourselves and to prepare to express the good that He would have us express. The first step in this is to ask His guidance and inspiration, knowing that He hears and answers, and the next step is to act upon the guidance that He gives, leaving nothing undone which will aid us to become proficient.

*Dear Youth:*

I am in high school. In domestic science class, I study and try to get a good grade. My teacher will tell me I am doing better. When our six weeks' test comes I make a V or a failing grade. Does she like me? or what? I wish you could help me.—J. M. S.

J. M. S.—It would be unfair to you for your teacher to give you a passing grade that you did not deserve. It would encourage you to think you had mastered a study in which you were not proficient, and your need of training later on might be more serious than the disappointment of a failing grade now. The better way is to deserve a good grade. Carefully read the article, "Making the Grade," in *Youth* of last September, and use its suggestions. If you have not a copy of that issue, we will send you one.

Remember that tests and examinations are planned by your teachers as a help to you. They help you to discover what you have learned about your studies. To think of tests and examinations in that way will re-

move the dread which you, as well as many other young people, seem to have.

*Dear Youth:*

You have helped others, so please help me. This is my problem, and though it may seem funny, it isn't, it's tragic: I always forget and lose things. I've lost about fifty things during the past week and I always forget to do this or that.

I have tried to cure this habit by praying, but my thoughts wander while I pray.

I believe in Truth. I try to practice Truth and have succeeded to a certain extent.

Another point on which I ask your aid is the overcoming of thoughtlessness. I act on impulse, never looking ahead to see what the consequences might be, and as a result I am continually getting myself "in Dutch." I honestly don't mean to do wrong, though.

You'll help me, won't you, *Youth*? I received you as a present from Mother and you have solved many of my problems.—A. C.

A. C.—Whatever is worth doing is worth your whole attention. A divided mind is a confused mind. No matter how many things there are to be done, or to be remembered, they must be considered in order. Go into each undertaking with this thought: "*This one thing I do.*"

Have you ever seen a very small child surrounded by new toys and trying to grasp them all at once, turning this way and that, dropping them, bewildered by so many attractions? Sometimes older persons react to the many interests of life in the same way. If you find yourself doing so, remember the thought given in the preceding paragraph: "*This one thing I do.*"

Of course you do not mean to be forgetful, or careless, or thoughtless; otherwise you would not wish to correct these tendencies. *Youth* knows for you, and for other young people who need such help: *You are the master of your thoughts; you begin now to put your mental house in order; you direct your attention, your memory, your thought to accord with your highest ideals.* Set this standard for yourself. Forget your past shortcomings, and remember instead that there is a power within you that can master every problem, wisely, with poise and good judgment. Live close to that inner power. You will be successful in the proportion that you do so. Man is somewhat like a lamp. His light must shine from within.

*Dear Youth:*

I am getting along fine with my lessons and am very thankful. I thank God, and also you, for you helped me to get close to God.

I should be glad if my last letter should help some one else.

The last copy of *Youth* was very interesting. I



thought that the Brink story was very good. I love to read the whole magazine.

Each night before retiring, and through the day, I say the prayer that you sent me; it helps me very much.—R. M. G.

*Dear Youth:*

I wish you would give your opinion of girls' use of cosmetics. Don't you think it is all right to use a little rouge if one is very pale? I don't mean to use lipstick, but just to tint the cheeks.—A. S.

A. S.—Why accept a substitute when you can have the genuine? There is nothing morally wrong about the use of rouge and lipstick, necessarily. Young people often believe that they are made more attractive by the use of cosmetics; older people use them in the hope of appearing more youthful. Every girl and woman probably longs for the sparkling eyes, the clear skin, the pink cheeks and red lips of youthful health and vitality. It is rather pitiful, is it not, that they feel it is necessary to imitate these natural gifts of health by rubbing colored powder and grease on their skins?

Really the use of cosmetics is a kind of confession; an admission that they have some way lost the bloom of youth, and must try to counterfeit it. Young people generally despise shams of any kind. Right thinking, right eating, right exercise, and right living make substitutes unnecessary.

*Dear Youth:*

Does it seem to you that young people pass through a stage in which they do not believe either in a divine Helper or in the value of religion? My Mother once made that statement; since then I have watched to see whether my friends passed through that stage. Most of them seem to be in it now. The other day my chum said that religion is a lot of fiction, and

that she didn't believe in it. Most of my chums go to church merely because their mothers send them. From the letters in *Youth* it is noticeable that many others are passing through that same state of questioning.

I have never been in a state of unbelief, but I am in a maze of wondering as to what religion my mixed beliefs belong. Do you think I am right or wrong in these strange thoughts?—C. T.

G. T.—*Youth* believes that many young people go through the period of questioning which you describe. Unless they question very deeply and earnestly, they may think that religion has no place in their lives. Actually the sense of rebellion they feel is very seldom rebellion against religion itself, but is, rather, rebellion against things which symbolize religion to them. Young people resent being required to do things for reasons which seem inadequate to them; they do not always understand the ceremonies and rituals of the church—whose spirit seems to have become lost even to religious leaders themselves—but the need for the great fundamentals of religion is as keenly felt by the young people of today as ever it has been felt in the past.

*Youth* is sure that if you look deeply enough into the vital questions of life, you will find that God is at the very heart of their solution, perhaps not always God in the way that He has been pictured in the past, but as a very real, vital, beneficent Power and Presence. Do not be discouraged if you do not instantly find the answer to all your questionings. There is an answer, nevertheless. The mistake that young people (and older people, too) sometimes make, is to give up too soon, and thus miss the blessing of a living, individual, steadfast faith.

## FOR FOREIGN LANGUAGE STUDENTS—AN IDEA!

Unity foreign language translations offer you high school students a splendid opportunity to combine your study of Truth and your study of languages. Excellent practice in translating and reading, and excellent lessons in Truth from Unity's leading textbooks—sort of a "two-timing" process for the foreign language bugaboo—are to be found in these books. Make your selection from the list below:

<b>GERMAN</b>		<b>FRENCH</b>	
Directions for Beginners	\$ .25	Christian Healing	\$ .75
Finding the Christ in Ourselves	.25	Lessons in Truth	.75
Lessons in Truth	1.00	Unité Magazine, sample copy	free
Miscellaneous Writings	.75	<b>SPANISH</b>	
Sure Remedy (tract)	.01	Directions for Beginners	.10
Talk on Christian Healing (tract)	.02	Finding the Christ	.25
<b>SWEDISH</b>		Assortment of tracts	.10
Lessons in Truth	.75	<b>DUTCH</b>	
Finding the Christ in Ourselves	.25	Lessons in Truth	1.00
<b>NORWEGIAN</b>		<b>ITALIAN</b>	
Lessons in Truth	.75	Lessons in Truth	.75



## "And the Pirate Chief—"



PARAMOUNT PHOTO

THIS picture is from the story of "Old Ironsides," and the seaman is regaling his "powder monkeys" with glamorous tales of the Spanish Main. Those pirate days are gone, but we still feel the call to high adventure.

Young people are discovering the thrill of adventures in Truth, adventures as stirring, as challenging, as any known of old—adventures in prosperity, in glowing health and joy. It takes the eyes of youth to find the magic and the adventure that are embodied in Truth—especially in a plan that seems as simple as the Prosperity Bank Plan. The Bank Plan reveals to you a power more wonderful than any olden magic. Filling and mailing the blank is the first step; the next is a prosperity drill you will enjoy. You'll be giving your friends an initiation into the adventure of Truth, too, by subscribing for them to *Youth*.

UNITY SCHOOL OF CHRISTIANITY, 917 Tracy, Kansas City, Mo.

Please give me special prayers for increased prosperity and send me a Prosperity Bank. I will use daily the prosperity statement that you send me and will work with you to set in action within myself the laws governing my prosperity. I will save \$3 to pay for the magazine, *Youth*, to be sent to each of the persons named below, and will send this amount to you within ten weeks after receipt of my Bank.

1. Name .....  
 Address .....  
 City ..... State .....
2. Name .....  
 Address .....  
 City ..... State .....
3. Name .....  
 Address .....  
 City ..... State .....

(This offer does not include this magazine for the sender unless his name is listed above as one of the three.)

Name of sender .....  
 Address .....  
 City ..... State .....